

A SERMON FOR THE SISTERS.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

I nebbler breaks a coil afore he's old enough to tangle;
I nebbler digs my taters tell dey plenty big to grapple;
An' when you sees me rain' up to structify in meetin',
I'st fust clumb up de knowledge-tree and done some apple-eatin'.

I sees some sistahe pruzint, mighty proud of whut dey wearin';
It's well you isn't apples, now, you better be declarin'!
For when you heerd yo' markit-price, 't'd hurt yo' little feelin's;
You wouldn't fetch a dime a peck, for all yo' fancy peelin's.

O sistahe—leetle apples (for you're r'ally mighty like 'em)—
I lube de ol'-time russels, dough it sildom I kin strike 'em;
An' so I lubs you, sistahe, for yo' grace, an' not yo' grace—
I don't keer how my apple looks, but only how it tas'es.

Is dey a Sabab-scholah heah? Den let him 'form his mudder.
How Jacob-in-de-Bible's boys played off upon dey brudder!
Dey sol' him to a trader—an' at las' he struck de prison:
Dat comed ob Joseph's struttin' in dat streak—
'd coat ob his'n.

My Christian frien', dis story probes dat oben men is human—
He'd had a dozen fancy coats, ef he'd a' been a 'oman!
De consissob ob showin' off, he foun' out all about it;
An' yo' wike a Christian man, as good as ever shoulde.

It larned him! An' I bet you when he come to g't his riches
Dey didn't go for fancy coats or Philadelp'hy breeches;
He didn't waste his money when experunce taught him better,
But went aroun' a-lookin' like he's waitin' for a letter!

Now, sistahe, won't you copy him? Say, won't you take a lesson,
An' m'd dis solum warnin' 'bout de sin ob fancy dressin'!
How much 'ye' open' upon yo'self! I wish you might remember
Yo' preacher ain't been paid a cent sence some-
whar in November.

I better close. I sees some gals dis sahmoh's kinder hittin',
A-whisperin', an' sturb'in' all dat's near whar dey's a sittin';
To look at dem, an' listen at dey onrespeful jabber;
It turns de milk ob human kindness mighty nigh to clabber!

A-CA-MEN!
"Bric-a-Brac."

THE WRONGED WIFE.

This story, to which I have given the above title, is among the most singular instances of mistaken circumstantial evidence during later years, and is still remembered in France, where it occurred, as the Despenard affair.

Monsieur Despenard was a retired speculator on the Bourse. He was reputed to be very wealthy, and occupied a charming suburban villa on the banks of the Seine. His family consisted of himself, his wife and two children, a boy and a girl, aged respectively five and seven years.

One night about nine o'clock, in the summer of 1864, the servants were startled by the report of a pistol, accompanied by a sound of breaking glass ringing through the house. After a few moments of hesitation, lest it should be burglars, they rushed in a body to the library, from which the sound had seemed to proceed, and found their master fallen face downward upon the floor, with the blood pouring profusely from a wound in the temple.

A hasty and horrified examination showed that he was dead, the bullet having penetrated his brain, while the shattered glass of one of the large windows also proved that the assassin, whoever it might have been, had stood on the veranda outside and taken aim at the victim through the glass.

Fully ten minutes must have elapsed before the slow wits of the servants arrived at this conclusion, and they then began to wonder that Madame Despenard had not also been aroused by the noise. Could it be possible, they asked themselves, that she also had fallen a victim? And with this fear in their minds, they proceeded to her boudoir and knocked on the door.

No answer being returned, they opened the door, which was unlocked, and entered the room, only to find it empty; and they were looking at each other still more surprised than before, when one of them, more self-possessed than the rest, suggested that the police should be sent for.

Word was accordingly sent to the nearest, and within half an hour four gendarmes, accompanied by two detectives in plain clothes, arrived upon the scene. Still Madame Despenard had not appeared, and vague suspicions of her were gathering in the officers' minds, when the street door opened, and the lady entered.

Her face had a terrified look, while the lace shawl she wore about her shoulders was torn almost in two, and upon the particulars of the tragedy that had taken place during her absence being told her, she fainted away.

Carried to her bedchamber, and restoratives applied, she only recovered consciousness to pass from one hysterical fit to another, until the physician who had been summoned began to fear she would have an attack of brain-fever.

Meanwhile, the officers had charge of the house, and the detectives, pursuing their investigations, found link after link of a chain of evidence to encompass the perpetrator of the crime.

Long before daylight the detectives had left the house, and returning to the station, laid their report before the chief, who at once granted a warrant to arrest Madame Despenard for the murder of her husband.

The lady had by this time become calmer, and she received the news in a silence which might have been the sullen submission of conscious guilt or the apathy of utter despair.

The course of French justice is proverbially dark and secret, and, though the public was excited to the highest pitch, no inkling to appease their curiosity was cut and dried ready for her public trial.

Then the case was presented against her, overwhelming in its evidence of her guilt, and perfect even to the minutest detail.

From the preliminary evidence of the servants, it was proved that on the preceding day, Monsieur Despenard and his wife had had a violent quarrel. The lady's own maid especially testified to its bitterness, and that she had overheard

the prisoner accuse her husband of deceiving her by a false marriage, and that he had another wife still living. This the murdered man had denied, though not very vehemently, saying that she was dead.

This testimony supplied the required cause for the quarrel, while the circumstantial evidence that pointed to her as the assassin could hardly be more convincing.

First, there was her unexplained absence from the house at the time the murder was done, and her strange agitation on returning. Her own story, that, having a headache, she had wandered along the banks of the river, where she had been attacked by an evidently insane woman, who tore her shawl, and disarranged her dress, was at once set down as a weak invention. Besides, the hesitating air with which it was told still further went to confirm the conviction of prevarication.

The weapon with which the deed was done was found lying in the garden but a few yards away from the spot where the deadly shot had been fired. It was a small, elegantly-mounted pocket-revolver, which every member of the household identified as having been giving the prisoner by her husband a few months before.

Caught in the catch on the shutter outside the window was found a shred of a lace shawl, which exactly matched the pattern and fitted the rent in the one Madame Despenard had worn when she returned to the house.

In the soft mould of the garden were found foot-prints, undoubtedly, those of the prisoner. She had an elegant but peculiarly-shaped foot, and there could be no mistake on this point. Moreover, the identical shoes were found thrown down a well in the garden, while the fact that the boots she had worn on her return to the house were but partly buttoned, had not escaped the vigilant eyes of the detectives.

Her manner, too, during her trial, impressed the spectators with a feeling that she was guilty, and when a verdict to that effect was brought in she had but few sympathizers among the audience.

A sentence of life imprisonment was pronounced, and she was carried from the court insensible, and regaining consciousness, it was only to pass into the delirium of brain-fever.

She still lay in the hospital ward when the case, which had begun to fade in the public mind, was again recalled prominently to their remembrance.

One day a lady called upon the executors of the murdered man, and claimed a share of his property, alleging that she was his wife, legally wedded to him nearly fifteen years before.

Though there could be little doubt of the validity of her claim, the executors, who were personal friends of the murdered man, considered it their duty to contest it, and the alleged widow at once instituted a suit against the estate.

The claimant, who, though evidently on the shady side of thirty-five, was still a remarkably handsome woman, had almost universally the public sympathy, and the verdict that awarded her claim was received by a burst of applause throughout the court-room.

Graciously acknowledging it with a bow and a triumphant smile upon her face, the woman was about to leave the room, when a man dressed in black, with a scrap of red ribbon in his buttonhole, advanced and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Not so fast, madam, if you please," he said. "The case is far from being ended yet."

The look of triumph faded from the woman's face, leaving it deadly pallid as she turned and faced him.

"Who are you, and what do you mean by this outrage?" she gasped.

"My name," the man answered, calmly, "is Jules Chasson, of the Seventh Division of Detective Police, and I arrest you for the murder of Henri Despenard, once your husband."

The audience were struck speechless by his words, even the court sharing the general surprise.

"This is certainly a remarkable proceeding," M. Chasson, the judge said, at length, "and one, I must say, that requires further explanation."

"Which you shall have, my lord," the detective answered, with a respectful bow. "In the first place, then, this woman was really married to M. Despenard, fifteen years ago, in a small village in the south of Normandy. After a few months, however, she eloped with another man, and for more than seven years, following M. Despenard heard nothing from her, which in the eyes of the law annulled his marriage. Therefore, when he again married, it was perfectly legal, and the lady now unjustly under sentence for his murder was lawfully his wife. I say unjustly accused, my lord, for the real murderess is the woman who now claims her widow's dower."

The detective paused a moment, and all eyes turned upon the woman by his side, and were startled by the change in her countenance. It was pallid to the very lips, which were slightly parted, as if to utter words which her voice refused to speak, and her eyes stared into vacancy and a look as if she once more saw her victim, arisen from his grave and standing before her.

"About a year after his second marriage," the detective went on, "the first wife returned, and commenced a regular system of blackmail upon Monsieur Despenard, which for his wife's sake, he submitted to until about a week before his death. Then, when he refused to submit any longer to the extortion, a scheme of almost fiendish subtlety entered her mind. Through the connivance of Madame Despenard's maid, she gained admittance to the house when the lady and her husband were absent, and possessed herself of the revolver and shoes which were afterwards found in the well. The lady's story of being attacked by a woman was true, and the shred of lace was torn from the shawl for the purpose of affixing it to the shutter. This, however, was after the time when, ascending the veranda, the murderess, peering through the window, saw her victim seated in a chair reading. His face was half-turned towards her, and, raising the revolver, she took deliberate aim and fired."

A wild, blood-curdled laugh ringing through the apartment interrupted the detective's narrative, and the breathless audience once more turning, saw that it proceeded from the arrested woman, whose eyes were rolling wildly, and upon whose lips a foam had gathered.

Her crime had been found out by man's ingenuity, but the retribution had come from an avenging God. The sudden shock of discovery at the very moment she had deemed her success complete, had overthrown her reason, and she was an incurable maniac.

The detective had not spoken without proofs to support his assertions, and the wronged wife, now the object of public sympathy, was at once released from confinement, and restored to her children.

Still it was months before she fully recovered from the terrible shock she had experienced, and before then the woman who had so cruelly wronged her had still further paid the penalty of her crime. In one of her paroxysms of maniac fury she had burst a blood-vessel and expired.

A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

An Incident of the Stage Door.

Stage-door homage often proves the bond of sympathy existing between actor and audience. What I mean will be best illustrated by the following incident: A friend of mine was once acting at Swansea. One night while waiting at the wing, he was accosted by the door-keeper, and told that some one was asking for him at the door.

"Who is it?" asked my friend.

"I don't know, sir," was the response. "What is the person like?" questioned my friend.

"It's a boy," answered the hall-keeper. "A boy," echoed my friend. "Ask him what he wants."

"He won't say, sir; and," added the man, with a serious tone. "I don't like to send him away. He don't look well, sir."

"Very strange. I've a long wait after this scene; let him stay till it's over; and I'll come and see what it's all about," and my friend, taking up his cue, walked on the stage. When the scene was over, putting his great-coat over his dress, he sought the hall, where he found waiting within the shadow of the doorway, a poor, pale, weakly-looking lad in a sailor's garb.

"Do you want me?" asked my friend, kindly as soon as he reached him.

"Yes, sir, please."

"Well, my boy, and what is it?"

The lad looked shy and confused, then said, softly:

"I'm very sorry, sir; but I wanted so much to see you—"

Here he broke down and the tears trickled from his eyes.

"My poor lad, what is the matter? You don't seem well."

"No, sir, I'm a stranger here. I've seen you play sailors in our town, sir; and, as I'm a sailor and have been shipwrecked—"

"Shipwrecked!" cried my friend. "There, don't be down-hearted, lad, I'll—"

And my friend's hand instinctively sought his pocket. But the lad suddenly stopped the action with a touch of pride in his tone, as he said:

"No, sir, it wasn't that I wanted to see you for. They've done all that for me over yonder"—and he looked in the direction of the Sailors' Home—"but I wanted a kind word; and as I saw your name I thought you'd give it, and you have." Then, clutching my friend's hand in both his little ones, he murmured a broken "God bless you for it!" and was gone before my friend could stop him.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxuriant flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every word.

Faith's meaneest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed;
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

Remarkable Coincidence.

A Bostonian, who was an officer in the Union army during the war, visited the battlefield of Seven Pines recently, accompanied by his wife and two Virginians.

On the way from Richmond he gave his companions a graphic account of his retreat from that historic field. The preparations made by him and his companions were simple, such as smashing their china, throwing their trunks into a well and hurriedly drinking a bottle of champagne which they had kept for many months, intending to drink it in Richmond. Arriving at Seven Pines for the second time, the officer soon recognized several landmarks made familiar to him during the war. One of the party said, half in jest, pointing to a spot some distance off: "There are some of the pieces of china."

Sure enough, there were the bits of china scattered about, and upon closer examination it was found that there were two kinds—French china and common ware—of which the crockery that was broken during the war was composed. But wonderful to tell, not far off lay the neck of the bottle from which the champagne had been drunk in such haste eighteen years ago. The officer told the old negro, who is the professional guide at Seven Pines, that there were three trunks filled with clothes in the well near by. "Yes, sah," said the old man, "I allus suspected thar was suthin' in dat well."

The Human Ear.

Imagine two harps in a room, with the same number of strings, and each string perfectly attuned to a corresponding one in the other. Touch a string in one and a corresponding one in the other will give out the same sound. Try another string and its corresponding tone will be sounded. So with all the strings. So with any combination of strings. It would not matter how you played the one harp, the other would respond, as regards pitch and quality, would be most perfect. Now substitute for one harp the human ear, and the conditions would, according to theory, be the same, except that the responsive mechanism of the ear is much smaller than that of the responsive harp. In the ear there are minute cords, rods, or something in such a state of tension as to be tuned to tones of various pitch, sound a tone, its corresponding rod or cord in the ear will respond, perhaps feebly, but still with energy enough to excite nerve-filament connected with it; the result is a nervous current of the brain, and a sensation of a tone of a particular pitch.—Good Words.

OLD CHURCHYARD BITS.

Some of the inscriptions found on Venerable Tombstones.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The old graveyard attached to the Presbyterian church, at Bound Brook, New Jersey, contains some venerable tombstones, many of which are crumbling to decay. Some of the inscriptions are so well worthy of note that we have carefully copied them. The obituary board seems to have been a native of Bound Brook:

Let sorrow for Eliza's early doom
No more in silence sigh
There is a hope beyond the tomb
Bids every tear to dry.
In memory of Adam Jobs, March 10, 1798

O let not selfish love presume
To drop a sigh o'er Job's tomb
While sad regrets our minds employ
He triumphs in a world of joy.

JOSEPH BLACKFORD,

died 1804
44th year of age
Here lies the patron of his time
Blackford expired in his prime
Who three years short of 47
Was found full ripe and fit for heaven
But for our loss we're still in power
I'd weep an everlasting shower.

The way that forty-four is here made to rhyme with heaven is a beautiful example of poetic elasticity. The picture of profuse tearfulness is even more graphic than that given by the young preacher, who said that he had "went barrels of tears" over some of his shortcomings.

In memory of a man and wife
John A. Austen & Nancy Oliver
Twenty-sixth of January, 1831.
She closed her life
29 Dec. 1846 she followed her.
She lived a Christian many years
And died aged sixty-one.
Seventy-nine his age appears
Both underneath this stone.

No more the pleasant child is seen
To please the parent's eye
The tender plant so fresh and green
Is in eternity.

1808 2yr. 6 ms. 14 dy.

Dr. JOHN F. MORRIS, 412, 1810.
My faithful spouse and children dear
Come hither and shed the cordial tear
Then quietly turn unto the Lord
And strive to ensure the great reward.
For the loss of a child that is dear
No greater consolation can be given
For Christ has pointed out clear
Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

On the next tombstone to the left is the following eulogical inscription, which, if it does not exactly kill two birds with one stone, lays out two dead men with one monument. Look to my right and see
A verse that applies to me.

1819.

There are many other curious inscriptions in this quaint old cemetery. The place is close by the railroad depot, and is easily accessible to all who want to visit it.

THAT FIDDLE.

There is still much prejudice against the fiddle and secular music in Norway, but Ole Bull, Bjørnson, and the author of the charming little book called "The Spell Bound Fiddler," are doing much to drive out the evil and to coax the good spirits into the hearts of the people. The following episode from Ole Bull's visit to Tromsø, in the north of Norway, will be read with interest.

Sjur and Mari lived in a log house down by the strand. Within the walls it was warm and cozy, everything was clean and neat, for he was a good workman, and she was an excellent house-keeper. Sjur had the peculiarity that he played the fiddle extremely well. Many said it was owing to this fact that he had gotten the wife that he had, for she was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, while he was only the son of a houseman, but he at no time asked for help from any of his relatives. No wedding, no dance was complete unless Sjur was there to play. The tone of his instrument was very peculiar. His eyes were very prominent still more, and while fiddling they stood out still more, and they seemed to see things that other people did not seem to see. But he played beautifully; that is certain. Here in Tromsø he soon found out there was not much to be made with the fiddle. It happened to be just at the time when the religious revival was at its apex in those parts. So the fiddling money did not, under such circumstances, amount to much. But Sjur was in the habit of playing at home, while Mari sat listening, with smiles on her somewhat worn face, and the four little scions were dancing on the little floor. On one evening when Sjur came home, he became very much astonished at seeing two very fashionably-dressed ladies sitting in his house talking to his wife. He withdrew into the kitchen. When they had gone, he came in again.

"What did those women want, Mari," asked Sjur.

"They were sent by the 'Home Missionary Society,'" answered his wife, "and they showed thoroughly that it is a sin to play and dance."

"Mary, Hans, Anna and Ole, come, and I will let you dance," said Sjur, as he took the fiddle and began to play. And the four children, full of life and health, came in from the kitchen, where Mary had been left in charge of the fish-pot, and pretty soon all was fun and frolic, while Mari went out to attend to the kitchen.

The cloud passed away this time, and once or twice more. But those fashionable ladies kept coming again and again, and Mari began to act more strange. Every once and a while she had to go out and leave the little ones to perform her duties the best they could. Then, when the mother returned, her eyes were almost closed out, her mind was worn out most cried out with which she had taken part in the service and Sjur thought his home happiness was departing from him. The worst of all was that Mari began to grumble and find fault with his fiddling, calling it devilry and worldly vanity. He had but little schooling, but when he got his fiddle under his chin it seemed to him all that he had learned from schoolmaster and priest came back to him. In the airs he played were also treasured up many memories from his own and Mari's younger days, and it had heretofore been his great joy that Mari comprehended this, and listened to him with smiles on her countenance, and sometimes, too, with tears in her eyes. Now Mari said that it was the devil that giggled between the strings. One evening Sjur came home late. He was depressed, as he had worked hard, and the brain, when he went for his pay, was bankrupt. The fiddle always cheered him in

the midst of his perplexities. The fiddle was not hanging in the usual place. Perhaps he had hung it up in the bed chamber. He went in there. No, the little ones were all asleep; but where was Mari?

He found her in the kitchen, knitting away at a pair of socks for the mission society.

"Where is my fiddle, Mari?"

"Sjur, you must not feel bad about what I now say to you. My eyes have been opened, and I know that all fiddling is an invention of the devil. So when I considered the salvation of your soul, I took that wicked fiddle of yours and burnt it up."

Sjur said nothing. He looked at the embers on the hearth. Twice he opened his lips as if about to say something, but he did not speak.

Mari was of course a guardsman's daughter, and greatly his superior. But it was hard—yes, very hard, to lose his fiddle. Time passed, and Sjur earned considerable money by quorrying cutting tone. But there was always something going on in his house. Frequently there would be missionary society meetings, attended by a lot of fashionable married and unmarried ladies. At such times as these there was really no end to the coffee, cake and wine consumed. And the Bible messengers and the lay-preachers came to the house and called Mari sister and took as many liberties as if they had been members of the household. The result of it all was that Sjur felt himself more and more a stranger in his own house. Often when he came home and found Mari gone and the house all in disorder he would sit down and long for his fiddle. Sometimes he thought he would buy a new one, but he dared not. It finally came to the point that he once and awhile sought solace and to forget his troubles in Ludvigson's shop. One evening it happened that Sjur came home more merry than usual. Mari was sitting up for him, which was unusual.

"Come, Mari, let us have a dance together again."

"Are you not ashamed, Sjur, to come home in this manner?"

Therewith she gave him a dressing in a flood of words.

Sjur remained quiet while his wife was pouring forth her flood of cutting words, and his countenance gradually assumed a peculiar expression.

He spoke to her in a subdued tone, but it gave Mari a shock when she heard his voice.

"Who is to blame for this Mari? You say the fiddle, the brandy, and devilry. They do not belong together. Yes, brandy and devilry, perhaps, but not fiddling—no, I say. Who is to blame? It is you I say. For when you burnt my fiddle you burnt more than you are aware of, and if I go to h—l it is your fault, I say."

Having said this he turned his back upon her and went to bed.

After this eruption there was a calm like that following a storm. Mari staid at home more than usual. Sjur went out more than usual.

Then it happened one day that news had been brought to town that Ole Bull was coming to Tromsø. It created great excitement. Sjur made up his mind to hear him, cost what it would. But he said nothing of his resolution. The hall was crowded. When Ole Bull played he listened, listened with his whole soul. But suddenly his eyes found busy employment, for through the open window he saw Mari, she held her apron up to her eyes weeping. Then a great joy came over him. Now—yes, now all would be well again. On his way home he overheard some women talking. One said: "Mari Olson came down on the strand, poor woman, was so unhappy over the desecration of the building, that she wept bitter tears." Suddenly Sjur stopped. That was the cause, was it? Yes, of course; what a fool he had been not to have thought of this. Then he swore to most terrific oath and went and took his seat in Ludvigson's shop.

But this time he found no solace in the brandy, either, so he took his hat and went over on the island, where he kept wandering about till late at night. Down there on the strand lay a large steamer. A thought crossed his brain, and suddenly his mind was made up; yes, he would go away perhaps to America.

He would take care to provide so that neither Mari nor the children should suffer for any want. But he must go away. With rapid steps he went home to carry out what he resolved. He reached his little home, and entered quietly. He had no sooner come inside of the door than he stopped and stood as it mailed to the floor, for there on the wall, in exactly its old place, hung a fiddle. He went and took hold of it with trembling hand. He had to try it a little, and soon was so absorbed by his playing that all else was forgotten. Finally he got hold of the bridal march which he himself had composed for his and Mari's wedding. He thought he heard some one weeping; he turned round; there stood Mari, both weeping and laughing at the same time.

"Mari! You—you have—!" More he was not able to say. He laid down the fiddle, took Mari and set her down on his lap, and amid tears and smiles they came to a sweet and complete reconciliation. She told him she had passed the house just as Ole Bull was playing. The music had drawn her with a strange power. All at once she had discovered all the wrong she had done to Sjur and to our lord. She was certain that it was He who had spoken to her through the music and through the fiddle—it could be no instrument of the devil.

"But how did you get hold of the fiddle, Mari?"

"O, I ran down to Hanson's when the concert was over, and got him to take—yes, to let me have the fiddle, you understand," she answered, embarrassed.

"But the money?"

"Yes, you see—but you must not get angry with me—you see, that shawl which you recently gave me—I got him to take that instead."

Sjur said nothing; he only looked a little while at Mari who sat picking at her apron; then he went away, opened the chest, took out some bills and placed them in her hand.

"You are much better than I am—God bless you, Mari! You shall have another shawl; and then there is only one thing I want to say to you: This evening I was in Ludvigson's shop—for the last time—so help me God!"

The evil spirits had been driven out, and the good had been charmed forth by the power of music.

HIDING FROM PAPA.

Papa's lost his baby!

Searches every-where
Under chairs and tables,
With the greatest care!

Pulls aside the curtain,
Peeps behind the door!
Never sees the little heap
Curled upon the floor.

Never heard the whisper,
"Mamma, don't you tell!
Nor the little laugh,
Muffled like a bell!"

Off he scampers wildly,
Hunting here and there,
Overturning everything,
With the greatest care.

Canary has a visit,
Sitting on his perch,
Mamma's apron pocket
Suffers by the search!

"Now I am so tired—
Elephant at play—
That I must take a rest
A minute by the way."

I'll lay my weary head
On this little rug,
Under mamma's towel,
Lay her darling snug!

Then the merry scrambling—
Papa laughed to see!
And you didn't find now
That it could be me!"

—Yacht's Companion.

"In Memory of Cash Down."

He is at rest. Cash Down is dead and buried, and the mourners are home from the funeral. He was a well known man, but of late years he was not half appreciated. There was a time when he stood head and shoulders above Trust and Dead Beat, but times somehow changed. Cash Down left quite a large family, who will take warning by his sad fate. He cut his life short by many years in his efforts to keep his word and meet his pecuniary obligations, and they will not follow in his footsteps.

There was a time when Cash Down was met with a smile and a hearty shake of the hand. If he wanted his buggy repaired the blacksmith would figure fine and depend upon his pay the hour that the work was finished. He could then take the money and become Cash Down himself, making a difference of ten per cent in his favor. If Cash Down wanted a new suit of clothes, the tailor made a difference of \$5 between him and Slow Pay, and the money could be sent off to pay for the cloth. The last time Cash Down was out in the street he saw Slow Pay, Bad Debt and Dead Beat walking arm in arm, and the blacksmith, the gro

LOGIC.

"Tis strange but true, that a common cat
Has got ten tails—just think of that!

Don't see it, eh? The fact is plain;
To prove it so I rise to explain.

We say: A cat has but one tail;
Behold how logic lifts the veil.

No cat has nine tails, don't you see?
One cat has one tail more than she!

Now add the one tail to the nine,
You'll have a full ten-tailed feline.

As Holmes has said in his "One-horse Shay,"
Logic is logic, that's all I say.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

"Sir, the apple of discord has been
thrown in our midst, and it'll be not at
once nipped in the bud, 'till burst into
a conflagration that may deluge the
whole world."

"What are you crying for, Sally?"
"Cos I got the toothache." "Boy—You
go 'round to grandmother; she'll show
you what to do; she knows how to take
hers out and put 'em back whenever she
wants."

Mrs. Shoddy—"Lor, I'm so dull! what
are you doin' of, Mary dear?" Miss
Mary—"Nothing at all. I'm ennuied to
death?" Mrs. Shoddy—"Well, ring the
bell for John. We'll have the cook up
and scold her—just to kill time."

A story is told of a jolly good fellow
who resided in Chicago about four years,
and while on an eastern train, was asked
how he liked the water out West. "By
George!" Mr. —, said he, after a mo-
ment's reflection, "I never thought to try
it!"

There is nothing so charming as the
children. "Mamma," said a
3 year old the other day, "I wish you
wouldn't leave me to take care of
baby again. He was so bad that I had
to eat all the sponge cake and two jars
of raspberry jam to amuse him."

"Some more ches, please," said a small
boy of 8 to his papa at dinner. "No my
child was the reply of the prudent parent;
you have already had enough. When I
was a child I had to eat my bread and
smell my ches—" Well," said sonny,
"please give me a piece to smell."

A Western minister told the trustees
of his church that he must have his money,
as his family was suffering. "Money!"
said one of the trustees, "you preached
for the good of souls." The minister re-
plied, "I can't eat souls, and if I could,
it would take a thousand such as yours
to make a meal."

"Captain," said a cheeky youth, "is
there any danger of disturbing the mag-
netic currents if I examine the compass
too closely?" And the stern mariner, lov-
ing his little joke, promptly responded,
"No, sir; brass has no effect whatever on
them!"

A chaplain in Arkansas says that a
man buying furs was conversing with a
woman at whose house he called, and
asked if there were any Presbyterians
around there. She hesitated a minute,
and then said she guessed not, "her hus-
band hadn't killed any since they lived
there."

It is queer how folks dream. The other
night a man dreamed that he stood at
the gate of heaven, and asked St. Peter
if the souls of rich people ever got in
there. "Yes," was the reply, "it is sup-
posed that the souls of a great many rich
people have got in here. Many of them
are so small we have not been able to in-
vent any way to keep them out."

When a city man comes limping into
his place of business late in the morning,
and presents the general appearance of
having had his spinal column shattered
by a railway accident, his friends need
not be alarmed, he moved into the sub-
urbs on the first of April, and has been
taking his first lesson in gardening.

A man can always write better than he
can speak. This is a rule of universal
application. Even when a gentleman
stands on the bank of a stream, he gets
no fish by speaking, though he be never
so eloquent, but, on the other hand, if
he just drops a line to the fanny
tribe they would respond with great
alacrity.

"What is the matter, Alfred? What do
you find so interesting in the river that
you gaze at it so lazily?" "My wife is in
bathing, and took a dive from that boat
out there, and she has been under such a
time that I am getting uneasy." "How
long has she been under?" "About two
hours—it wasn't quite three o'clock when
she went in."

This year is leap year, and we exhort
young ladies to assert their rights and
claim their privileges early and often.
When the boys call tell them if they
mean business you are ready to take their
future happiness into consideration—but
if they don't you've only a-h to try, and
you can't afford to waste gas and fuel
for the sake of simply being spoony.

Found on the coast of Bretagne, a bottle
containing the following document:
"For thirty-eight days I have floated
on the bottom of the mighty deep. My
beauty, thank God, is good, as well as
that of my children. My animals, how-
ever, make a tremendous racket. The
fox tries to eat the hare, the wolves snap
at the goats, and the lion looks at me
with an expression not at all reassuring.
I have commenced to feel uneasy. Yes-
terday I despatched the raven for news.
The villain has not returned. The lion
licks his chops with his eyes fixed upon
me. What can be the end of it all? If
I am eaten who will find this document?
Noah."

As some lady visitors were going
through a penitentiary under the escort
of a superintendent, they came to a room
in which three women were sewing.
"Dear me! one of the visitors whispered,
"what vicious looking creatures! Pray,
what are they here for?" "Because they
have no other home; this is our sitting-
room, and they are my wife and two
daughters," blandly answered the super-
intendent.

A paragraph of the future.—Time, A. D.
1940.

The necessity for church-going and ed-
ucation is almost dispensed with. The Rev.
Dr. Turgid, from the central edifice of
the Sacred Telephone, preaches every
Sunday to five thousand families in the
privacy of their homes. The musical
adjuncts to the service, vocal and instru-
mental, are also dispensed by telephones,
and as waffled to the five thousand homes
by electricity each family joins in the
hymn. The average attention to service

is much greater now than a quarter of a
century since, as the ladies have not
each other's dresses and bonnets to look
at.—N. Y. Graphic.

An usher in the North Baptist Church
caused a sensation last Sunday evening.
As the pastor entered the pulpit, he was
shocked by a sudden outburst of mirth
in the choir gallery. Two young per-
sons wearing ulsters and Derby hats, had
been shown to seats. The usher was sur-
prised when only one of them removed
his hat. He waited some time for the
offending head-covering to be removed,
and then reaching over the back of a
pew and removed it himself. Immediately
he discovered, as did many other
persons, that the wearer was a young
lady, and therefore entitled to wear a hat
in church. Above the noise of the or-
gan's voluntary rose the involuntary
mirth of many of the congregation.

Highlanders have the habit when talk-
ing their English, such as it is, of inter-
jecting the personal pronoun "he" where
not required, such as "the King he has
come." Often, in consequence a sentence
is rendered extremely ludicrous. A gen-
tleman says he lately listened to the Rev.
Mr. —, who began his discourse thus:
"My friends, you will find my text in the
first epistle general of Peter, fifth chapter
and eight verse: 'The Devil he goeth
about like a roaring lion seeking whom
he may devour.' Now, my brethren, for
your instruction I have divided my text
in four heads. Firstly, we shall endeavor
to ascertain who the Devil he was. Sec-
ondly, we shall inquire into his geo-
graphical position—namely, 'Where the
Devil he was, and where the Devil he
was going.' Thirdly, the Devil he
was seeking. And fourthly and lastly,
we shall endeavor to solve a question
which has never yet been solved—what
the Devil he was 'roaring about.'"

Miss Wilson wished, and was about to
join the Baptists of St. Louis. She made
an attempt to reach the officiating min-
ister breast deep in the water, but her cork
leg was seized with a unwonted activity.
Miss Wilson knew nothing of the law of
specific gravity, and was not to blame.
She was suddenly reversed in the water.
The minister feelingly righted her up,
and observing the grinning of the spec-
tators at the solemn scene, asked Miss Wil-
son to get out of the water. But he was
innocently ignorant of the cause of the
disturbance of her equilibrium. He
gently led the maiden out, when with a
wild shriek she fell backward, and her
lively leg shot out of the water. The
minister made half a dozen efforts, but
could not keep the convert right end up
long enough to baptize her. At length
she told him of her trouble, and he called
for a weight to ballast her. The specta-
tors fled precipitately to give vent to their
feelings. Miss Wilson slipped ashore
indignant and amazed, and went and
joined the Presbyterians.

Edmond About says: "At the age of
twenty-five an American has tried a doz-
en ways of life, made four fortunes, a
bankruptcy, and two campaigns; plead-
ed a cause, preached religion, killed six
men with a revolver, enfranchised a ne-
groe, and conquered an island. An
Englishman has passed two examina-
tions, been attached to an embassy, found-
ed a counting house, converted a Catho-
lic, made a tour of the world and read
the complete works of Sir Walter Scott.
A Frenchman has rhymed a tragedy,
written two journals, received three
sword wounds, attempted two suicides,
troubled the peace of fourteen husbands
and changed his political opinions nine-
teen times over. A German has scarred
the faces of fourteen of his intimate
friends, swallowed sixty tons of beer and
the philosophy of Hegel, sung eleven
thousand couplets, compromised a maid-
servant, smoked a million of pipes, and
been concerned in two revolutions. A
Roman has done nothing, learned nothing,
seen nothing, loved nothing, suffered
nothing. The gate of a cloister is thrown
open, a young girl with no more experi-
ence than himself is led forth, and these
two innocents proceed to kneel before a
priest, who licenses them to begin a fresh
stock of innocents."

Woman's Superior Mental Imagery.

I have been astonished to find how su-
perior woman usually are to men in the
vividness of their mental imagery, and
in their powers of introspection. Though
I have admirable returns from many
men, I have frequently found others,
even of the highest general ability, quite
unable for some time to take in the
meaning of such simple questions as
these: "Think of some definite object,
say your breakfast-table, as you sat down
to it this morning, and consider care-
fully the picture that rises before your
mind's eye. Is the image dim, or fairly
clear? Is its brightness comparable
to that of the actual scene? Are the ob-
jects sharply defined? Are the colors
quite distinct and natural?" etc. On the
other hand, I find the attention of
women, especially women of ability, to
be instantly aroused by these inquiries.
They eagerly and carefully address
themselves to consider their modes of
thought, they put pertinent questions,
they suggest tests, they express them-
selves in well-weighted language and with
happy turns of expression, and they are
evidently masters of the art of introspec-
tion. I do not find any peculiar tend-
ency to exaggeration in this matter
either among women or men; the only
difference I have observed between them
is that the former usually show an un-
expected amount of intelligence, while
many of the latter are as unexpectedly
obtuse. The mental difference between
the two sexes seems wider in the vivid-
ness of their mental imagery and the
power of introspecting it than in re-
spect to any other combination of mental
faculties of which I can think.—Francis
Gallton, in Nature.

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For CATARRH**

A purely vegetable distillation entirely
unlike all other remedies.

In the preparation of this remarkable remedy
every herb, plant, and bark is subjected to dis-
tillation, whereby the essential medicinal principle
is obtained in vapor, condensed and bottled. What
remains in the residue is valueless and entirely
useless for medicinal purposes. The remedy is a
unit for use in an organism so delicate as the nasal
passages. Yet all ailments are insensible compounds
of woody fibre; all diseases, saturated solutions.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE

Is a local and constitutional remedy, and is applied
to the nasal passages by insufflation, thus allaying
inflammation and pain and at once correcting,
cleansing, and purifying the secretions. Internally
administered, it acts upon the organs of circulation,
keeps the skin moist, and neutralizes the acid
poison that has found its way into the stomach and
thence into the blood. This cure progresses in
both directions, and it does not seem possible for
human ingenuity to devise a more rational treat-
ment.

SURPRISING CURE.

Gentlemen.—About twelve years ago, while
travelling with Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert
Troupe as a tenor singer, I took a severe cold and
was laid up at Newark, N. J. This cold brought on
a severe attack of Catarrh, which I battled with
every known remedy for four weeks without avail,
and was finally obliged to give up a most desirable
position and return home, unable to sing a note.
For three years afterwards I was unable to "cut" at
all. The first attack of Catarrh had left my nasal or-
gans in a state so delicate that the least cold
would bring on a fresh attack, leaving me prostrated.
In this way I continued to suffer. The last
winter I was so afflicted that I was unable to
perform the most exciting part in my head, and
so hoarse as to be scarcely able to speak, and
complained incessantly. I thought I was go-
ing to quick consumption, and I firmly believe that I
could not have recovered had it not been for this
remedy. I commenced the use of Sanford's Radical
Cure, and in a few days I was able to sing a note.
It is hardly possible for one whose head aches, eyes
ache, who can scarcely articulate distinctly, or ac-
commodate his eyes to the light, to realize how much relief I obtained from the first
use of Sanford's Radical Cure. I never
felt its influence, both internal and external, rapidly
recovered, and by an occasional use of the remedy
I have been able to keep the Catarrh from returning
the first time in twelve years.

Respectfully yours,
WALTER W. HOLBROOK.

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misrepresent them for selfish motives and endeavor
to substitute others. If you ask for
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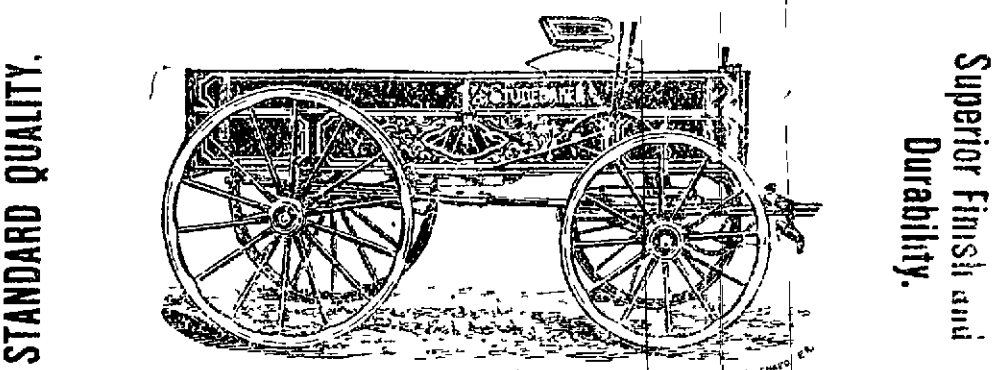
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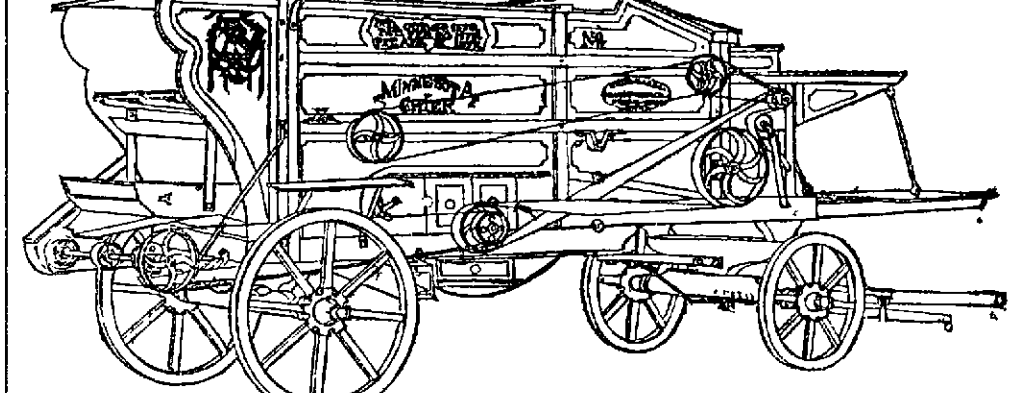
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